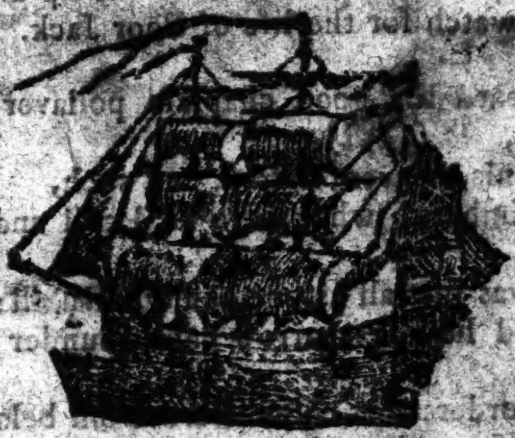
POOR JACK.

To which are added,

The Tar for all Weathers.

BOLD JACK.

John Anderson my Joe



Stirling, Printed by C. Randall.

POOR JACK.

GO patter to lubbers and swabs d'ye see,
'bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water-boat, and good sea-room give me,
and t'ent to a little I'll strike:
Tho' the tempest top-gallant-masts smack smooth should smite,
and shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the guns, and bouse every thing tight,
and under reef'd foresail we'll scud:
Avast, nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
to be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
to keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain pollaver one day,
about souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
why, 'twas just all as one as high Dutch:
But he said how a sparrow can't founder d'ye see,
without orders that came down from below,
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me,
that Providence takes us in tow:
For says he, d'ye mind me, let storms e'er so oft
take the top-sails of sailors aback,

There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
to keep watch for the life of Poor Jack,

I said to our Poll, (for you see she would cry)
when last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies snivling and piping eye?
why, what a damn'd fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide and there's room
for us all,
both for seamen and lubbers ashore;
And if to old Davy I should go friend Poll,
why, you never will hear of me more;
What then all's a hazard, come don't be so soft,
perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
to keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
all as one as a piece of a ship,
And with her brave the world without offering
to flinch,
from the moment the anchor's a-trip,
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and
ends,
nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my
friend's
and as for my life, 'tis the king's:
Even when my time's come, ne'er believe me so
soft,
as with grief to be taken aback,
That same little cherub that sits up aloft,
will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
my jib! how she smak'd through the breeze,
She's a vessel quite rigg'd to my fancy,
as ever sail'd on the salt seas:
Then adieu to the white cliff's of Britain,
our girls, and our dear native shore,
Fer if some hard rock we should split on,
we ne'er shall see them any more,

CHORUS.

But sailors are born for all weathers,
great guns, let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
and where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibralter,
I verily thought she'd have sunk;
For the wind began so to alter,
she yaul'd just as though she'd been drunk:
The squall tore the main-sail in shivers,
helm-a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries;
Set the foresail athwart, see! she quivers,
as through the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors. &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
as black then as pitch was the sky,

But then what a dreadful disaster,
befel three poor seamen and I;
Ben Buntlen, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
by a gale that came furious and hard;
And as we were furling the mainsail,
we were every soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cried pecavi,
when I at the risk of my neck,
While in peace they sunk down to old Davy,
caught a rope and so landed on deck.
Well what would you have, we were stranded,
and out of a jolly fine crew,
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
but I, and I think, twenty-two.
But sailors, &c.

At last then at sea having miscarried,
another guess way set the wind;
To England I came and got married,
to a lass that was comely and kind:
But whether for joy or vexation,
we know not for what we were born,
Perhaps we may find a kind station,
perhaps we may touch at Cape Horn.
But sailors, &c.

BOLD JACK.

WHILE up the shrouds the sailor goes,
or ventures on the yard,
The landman who no better knows,
believes his lot is hard:

But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
cast anchor heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
and drinks his can of grog,

When mountains high the waves that swell,
the vessel rudely bear,
Now sinking in a hollow dale,
now quiv'ring in the air.
Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,
you ne'er hear him repine,
Freezing near Greenlands icy shore,
or burning near the line.
Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
to quarters all repair,
While splinter'd masts go by the board,
and shot sing through the air,
Bold Jack, &c.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE.

JOHN Anderson my joe John, I wonder what
you mean,
To rise so early in the morning, and sit up so
late at e'en,
Ye'll blear out a' your e'en John, and why should
you do so,
Gang sooner to your bed at e'en, John Ander-
son, my joe.

John Anderson my joe, John, when nature first began,
To try her canny hand John, her master work was man,
And you amang them a' John, so trig frae tap to toe,
She prov'd to be nae journey-work John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson my joe, John, ye were my first conceit,
And ye needna think it strange John, tho' I ca' ye trim an neat;
Tho' some fock say ye're auld John, I never think ye so,
But I think ye're ay the same to me, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson my joe John, we've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your arms,
And sae are ye in mine John, I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Tho' the days are gane that we hae seen, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson my joe John, what pleasure does it gie,
To see sae mony sprouts John, spring up 'tween you and me,
And ilka lad and lass John, in our footsteps to go,

Makes perfect heaven here on earth, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson my joe John, when we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was bent;
But now your head's turn'd bauld John, your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson my joe John, frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year will come John, will bring us to our last;
But let na that affright us John, our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we liv'd, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson my joe John, we clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down John, but hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson my joe.

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FINIS.